WELL-KNOWN Members of the Missouri Society of New York---Who They Are and How They Have Achieved Prominence.

The Republic Bureau,
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New York, March 22.—With a true mother instinct, the parent State is always proud of all honorable accounts of her sons. New York has reasons to be grateful to Missouri for some of it atsomgsrETAOINSHRD for some of its most brilliant young men. The electric current of the city most often finds its conductors in sinews—its storage batteries in the brains—of the country-bred importation. There is no finer example of these statements than is to be found in the Missouri Society of New York.

Agustus Thomas, president of the society, needs no introduction. He is known not only in the United States as the author of plays which appeal to the hearts of Americans, but the success of "Arizona," which is now being produced abroad, has given him a well-deserved international reputation as a successful playwright.

As a presiding officer he has a faculty for grasping situations when a disagreement arises, which mollifies the parties to it, and which invariably ends in a hearty laugh. As an after-dinner speaker he is acknowledged to be without a peer.

Burton Thompson, the secretary of the society, is a graduate of the Law School of Missouri State University of the class of '92. After five years in commercial work in St. Louis he removed to New York, and is now engaged in the manufacture of chemicals for the wholesale trade. He was one of the prime movers in organizing the Missouri Society, with Messrs. Dawes and Walker. He has filled the position of secretary of the Executive Committee since its organization and is in a very large measure responsible for the success of the movement. It is due to his tireless energy that the membership now closely approaches 400. Mr. Thompson is a young man of remarkable capacity for organization, and the position he at present occupies speaks volumes for his ability as a business man.

Bainbridge Colby a Member of the State Assembly.

Brainbridge Colby is one of the most successful attorneys at the New York bar. Born in St. Louis, his rudimentary education was received there. In 1890 he graduated with class distinction from Williams College, where he was made a member of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity. In 1892 he graduated from the Columbia College Law School when, by virtus of excellence in class work, he was elected to deliver the philosophical oration. Mr. Colby was admitted to the bar in New York in the same year, and is now a member of the firm of Alexander & Colby, attorneys for some of the largest corporations in the metropolis. He is also a member of the State Assembly, and has charge of the bill now before the Legislature requesting an appropriation for the World's Fair.

Prof. Buchanan, Superintendent of South Carolina.

Harrison M. Dawes is one of the flowers of the prairies of old Saline which was not born to blush unseen, nor waste its sweetness outside a cosmopolitan atmosphere. Mr. Dawes first saw the light in that blue-grass region about Marshall, loked wide of the horizon that stooped to be fanned by the nodding grasses of his native heath, and fastened his ambitious eye upon the feverish life of Gotham.

Mr. Dawes graduated from the University of Missouri in 1895 with degres of A. B. and Ph. B. Here he was a member of the Sigma Nu and Phi Delta Phi fraternities. In 1898 he received the degrees of L. B. and L. M. from the New York Law School, and was admitted to practice at the New York bar. During his college days he was a brilliant success as an orator and declaimer, having captured elaven first medals in such contests. He is now a successful attorney-at-law, with offices at No. 49 Wall street, and is made of the sort of stuff that wins in the sturdy struggle for supremacy, even where brains and energy are at a discount. Last December Mr. Dawes married Miss Lucy Pewitt of Columbia, Mo.

Professor John T. Buchanan is superintendent of the Boys' High School in New York. He came from Missouri and has inaugurated a system in the school of which he is the head which has received the indorsement of the educational authorities of the State.

Hugh Corby Fox, vice president of the Missouri Society, was born in St. Louis in 1871. He is a graduate of Smith's College, Phillips Exeter Academy and Harvard College. After a short business career in St. Louis he removed to New York, and in 1898 he became a partner of the firm of Fox Bros. & Co., one of the largest heavy-hardware and construction companies in the United States. He was married in June, 1898, to Jane Brookmeyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brookmeyer, of St. Louis. Mr. Fox has presided at the "Low Jinks" of the Missouri Society at several of its meetings this year, and is only second to the king of toastmasters, Augustus Thomas, in his graceful discharge of the duties devolving upon the chairman at such an occasion.

Edward Graves Pringle was born January 25, 1875, at Foristell, St. Charles County, and is a graduate of the Kemper School at Boonville, Mo. In the fall of 1894 he entered the University of Missouri at Columbia, Mo., and took the course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; graduated at the University of Missouri with the degree of A. B. in June, 1897; in the fall of 1897 he entered Columbia University, New York, and graduated in the law school. In 1900 he was admitted to practice at the bar of New York; in the fall of 1900 took up the practice of law in New York City. Mr. Pringle is a vicitious watchdog of the funds of the Missouri Society, having been unanimously elected its treasurer last fall. He is one of the rising young attorneys of New York.

W. H. McAllister a Native of South Sarolina.

W. H. McAllister is a native of Columbia, S. C. From 1875 to 1878 and from 1882 to 1899 he resided at St. Louis, during most of which time he was connected with Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, being a partner and director in that concern. In May, 1899, he was elected vice president of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, and that same year came to New York to enter the service of the Continental Tobacco Company, having been elected a director therein. In April, 1900, he was made secretary of the Continental Tobacco Company, which office he now holds. Mr. McAllister is a gentleman of broad information and of most genial personality. Doctor J. J. Lawrence is one of the trustees of the Missouri Society, whose very name lends an extra air of dignity to this organization, since he is so well known in Missouri, particularly in St. Louis, for his ability as a financier, and more especially as editor of the largest medical journal published in the English language.

Doctor Lawrence is very active in his interest in the success of this organization in New York, though his legal residence is still maintained in St. Louis, where his interests for the most part lie. Doctor and Mrs. Lawrence, with their charming little granddaughter, Vera Siegrist, will shortly move into his palatial residence on Fifth avenue and Eighty-ninth street.

Chairman of the Executive Committee Harry W. Walker is editor of the New Yorker and secretary of the Aqueduct Commission of New York. He was born in St. Louis, July, 1870. Subsequently his home was in Springfield, Mo. He was educated at Drury College. Returning to St. Louis in 1879, he became connected with the daily newspapers. In 1884 he removed to New York, accompanying Colonel John A. Cockerill. There are few men of his years who have such an extensive acquaintance as Mr. Walker.

Samuel M. Gardenhire, Who Practiced Law in St. Louis.

Samuel Major Gardenhire, one of the nine trustees, was born at Fayette, Howard County, in 1875. He is the son of James B. Gardenhire and Sarah Major, daughter of Samuel C. Major of Howard. Educated at Central College. After reading law with Judge E. L. Gardenhire of Tennessee he was admitted to practice at Sparta, Tenn., in 1875.

Returning to St. Louis in 1876, he was admitted to practice before the St. Louis Court of Appeals in that year. He entered the office of Senator John B. Henderson and George H. Shields, remaining at the St. Louis bar for five years. He then went to Topeka, Kas., in 1870, and became secretary to Governor St. John. Later he was elected Clerk of the Circuit and District courts at Topeka, and served as State Representative and Municipal Judge, continuing the practice of the law until 1894.

In 1894 Mr. Gardenhire removed to New York and began practice as corporation lawyer, in association with ex-Judge S. W. Vandivert, also a native of Missouri. He is accounted one of the most astute corporation lawyers of New York City.

Justin McGrath was born in St. Louis in 1867 and educated at the St. Louis University. On leaving college took up newspaper work and served his apprenticeship in St. Louis. On leaving home he traveled extensively in Europe. Returning, he accepted a position as associate correspondent in Washington. Two years ago he joined the staff of the New York Times. On August 16, 1897, was married to Lucile Mansford of Memphis, Tenn.

"THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS," A Story of Reconstruction Days in the South,

BY THOMAS DIXON, JR.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Mrs. Gaston is stricken with brain fever at the news of her husband's death in battle, and her little son, Charlie, never forgets the scenes of that terrible night.

Tom Camp, an old, one-legged soldier, returns to his humble cabin, overjoyed to see his wife and little girl again. He agrees to sit up with Mrs. Gaston, but will not sit up with a "nigger," which he always hated. After six months Mrs. Gaston recovers, tenderly cared for by her little son, Charlie.

Nelse, Mrs. Gaston's faithful black man, is informed that he must be remarried. He thinks to have a good joke on his wife, but finds that two can play at the same game.

The negroes became very insolent after the war, organizing into secret societies and building a church of their own. General Worth comes to town on court day and makes a speech to the assembled negroes, telling them that Mr. Lincoln was never in favor of social and political equality, and that the negro, although free, still must work. At the conclusion of his address he rebukes Amos Hogg, a former Provisional Governor, for helping the negroes to organize into secret societies. General Worth has borrowed money from Northern bankers and is rebuilding several old factories in order to give poor people employment. Hogg threatens the General and they engage in a war of words.

Two months later General Worth was summoned to Hambright on a charge of using abusive language to a freedman. Simon Lagree, the former slave trader, sided with Hogg and they with others of their class incite the negroes to oppose their old masters at every opportunity.

With the establishment of military government the negroes on General Worth's plantation refuse to work or to allow white men to take their places. Negro uprisings follow. Hogg and Lesree control their movements.

In an attack on Tom Camp's house his daughter is killed. Mrs. Gaston recovers from her brain fever, but is never strong again, and the shock of having her house sold for illegal taxes is too much for her feeble strength and she dies. At last the outrages become so unbearable that a negro ringleader was lynched, and thus the Ku-Klux Klan, by one stroke, brought peace and order out of bloodshed and chaos.

By threats, but no further violence, the next election was orderly, and enabled right to again triumph over greed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Danger of Playing With Fire.

"Dar, now!" he cried, sitting up in bed," "Ain't I done tole you no kinky-headed niggers gwine ter run dis gov'ment!"

"Keep still dar, ole man, you'll be faintin' ergin," worried Aunt Eve.

"No, honey, I'se feelin' better. Gwine ter git up and meander downtown en axe dem niggers how's de Ku-Kluxes comin' on dese days!"

In spite of all Eve could say he crawled out of bed, fumbled into his clothes and started uptown, leaning heavily on his cane. He had gone about a block, when he suddenly reeled and fell. Eve was watching him from the door and was quickly by his side. He died that afternoon at 3 o'clock. He regained consciousness before the end and asked Eve for his banjo.

He put it lovingly into the hands of Charlie Gaston, who stood by the bed crying.

"You keep 'er, honey. You lub 'er talk better'n anybody in de worl', en 'member Nelse when you hear 'er moan en sigh. En when she talk short en sassy en make 'em all gin ter shuffle, dat's me too! Dat's me got back in 'er."

He took his own boy's hand. "Good-by, little nigger. Keep erway fum leaguers en po' white trash. Fin' yo daddy's ole frien's en stick to 'em. Ole frien's is de bes'."

Charlie Gaston rode with Aunt Eve to the cemetery. He walked back home through the fields with Dick.

"I wouldn't cry 'bout er ole nigger!" said Dick, looking into his reddened eyes.

"Can't help it. He was my best friend."

"Hain't I wid you?"

"Yes, but you ain't Nelse."

"Well, I stan' by you des de sams."

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The following Saturday the Reverend John Durham preached at a crossroads schoolhouse in the woods about ten miles from Hambright. He preached every Saturday in the year at such a mission station. He was fond of taking Charlie with him on these trips. There was an unusually large crowd in attendance, and the preacher was pleased at this evidence of interest. It had been a hard community to impress. At the close of the services, while the preacher was shaking hands with the people, Charles elbowed his way rapidly among the throng to his side.

"Doctor, there's a nigger man out at the buggy says he wants to see you quick," he whispered.

"All right, Charlie, in a minute."

"Says to come right now It's a matter of life and death, and he don't want to come into the crowd."

A troubled look flashed over the preacher's face and he hastily followed the boy, fearing now a sinister meaning to his great crowd.

"Preacher," said the negro, looking timidly around, "de Kuklux is gwine to kill de Uncle Rufus Lattimore ter night. I come ter see ef you can: save him. He ain't done nuthin' in Gol's worl' 'cept he would'n' pull his waggin clear outen de road one day fur dat red-headed Allan McLeod ter pass, en he cussed 'im black and blue en tole 'im he gwine git eben wid 'im."

"How do you know this?"

"I wuz huntin' in de woods en hear a racket en clim' er tree. En de Kukluxes had der meetin' right under de tree. En I hear ev'ry word.

"Who was leading the crowd?"

"Dat Allan McLeod en Hose Norman."

"Where are they going to meet?"

"Right at de cross roads here at de schoolhouse at midnight. Dey sont er man atter plenty er licker en dey gwine ter git drunk fust. I was erfeered ter come ter do meetin' case I sce er lot er de boys in de crowd. For de Lawd sake, preacher, do save de ole man. He des es harmless ez er chile. En I'm gwine ter marry his gal, en she des plum crazy. We'se got five men ter fight fur 'im, but I spec dey kill 'em all ef you can't help us."

"Ain't you one of General Worth's negroes?"

"Yassir. I run erway up here, bout dat Free'mens Bureau trick dev put me up ter, but I'se larned better sense now."

"W'y, Sam, you go to Uncle Rufus and tell him not to be afraid. I'll stop this business before night."

The negro stepped into the woods and disappeared.

"Charlie, we must hurry," said the preacher, springing into his buggy. He was driving a beautiful bay mare, a gift from a Kentucky friend. Her sleek, glistening skin and big, round veins showed her fine blood.

"Well, Nancy, it's your life now or a man's, or maybe a dozen. You must take us to Hambright in fifty minutes over these rough hills!" cried the preacher. And he gave her the reins.

The mare bounded forward with a rush that sent four spinning circles of sand and dust from each wheel. She had seldom felt the lines slacken across her beautiful back except in some great emergency. She swung past buggies and wagons without a pause. The people wondered why the preacher was in such a hurry. Over long sand stretches of heavy road the mare flew in a cloud of dust. The preacher's lips were firmly set, and a scowl on his brow. They had made five miles without slackening up.

The mare was now a mass of white foam, her big-veined nostrils wide open and quivering, and her eyes flashing with the fire of proud ancestry. The slackened lines on her back seemed to her an insufferable insult!

"Doctor, you'll kill Nancy!" pleaded Charlie.

"Can't help it, son; there's a lot of drunken devils, masquerading as Ku Klux, going to kill a man to-night. If we can't reach Major Dameron's in time for him to get a lot of men and stop them there'll be a terrible tragedy."

On the mare flew, lifting her proud, sensitive head higher and higher, while her heart beat her foaming flanks like a trip hammer. She never slackened her speed for the ten miles, but dashed up to Major Dameron's gate at sundown, just forty-nine minutes from the time she started. The preacher patted her dripping neck.

"Good, Nancy! good! I believe you've got a soul!"

She stood with her head still high, pawing the ground.

"Major Dameron, I've driven my mare here at a killing speed to tell you that young McLeod and Hose Norman have a crowd of young desperadoes organized to kill old Rufus Lattimore to-night. You must get enough men together, and get there in time to stop them. Sam Worth overheard their plot, knows every one of them, and there will be a battle if they attempt it."

"My God!" exclaimed the Major.

"You haven't a minute to spare. They are already loading up on moonshine whisky."

"Doctor Durham, this is the end of the Ku Klux Klan in this county. I'll break up every lodge in the next forty-eight hours. It's too easy for vicious men to abuse it. Its power is too great. Besides its work is done."

"I was just going to ask you to take that step, Major. And now for God's sake get there in time to-night. I'll go with you, but my mare can't stand it."

"I'll be there on time; never fear," replied the Major, springing on his horse, already saddled at the door.

The preacher drove slowly to his home, the mare pulling steadily on her lines. She walked proudly into her stable lot, her head high and fine eyes flashing, reeled and fell dead in the shafts! The preacher couldn't keep back the tears. He called Dick and left him and Charlie the sorrowful task of taking off her harness. He hurried into the house and shut himself up in his study.

That night, when the crowd of young toughs assembled at their rendezvous it was barely 10 o'clock.

Suddenly a pistol shot rang from behind the schoolhouse, and before McLeod and his crowd knew what had happened fifty white horsemen wheeled into a circle about them. They were completely surprised and cowed.

Major Dameron rode up to McLeod.

"Young man, you are the prisoner of the chief of the Ku-Klux Klan of Campbell County. Lift your hand now and I'll hang you in five minutes. You have forfeited your life by disobedience to my orders. You go back to Hambright with me, under guard. Whether I execute you depends on the outcome of the next two days' conferences with the chiefs of the township lodges."

The Major wheeled his horse and rode home. The next day he ordered every one of the eleven township chiefs to report in person to him, at different hours the same day. To each one his message was the same. He dissolved the order and issued a perpetual injunction against any division of the klan ever going on another raid.

There were only a few who could see the wisdom of such hasty action. The success had been so marvelous, their power so absolute, it seemed a pity to throw it all away. Young Kline especially begged the Major to postpone his action.

"It's impossible, Kline. The klan has done its work. The carpet-baggers have fled. The State is redeemed from the infamies of a negro government, and we have a clean, economical administration, and we can keep it so as long as the white people are a unit, without any secret societies.

"But, Major, we may be needed again."

"I can't assume the responsibility any longer. The thing is getting beyond my control. The order is full of wild youngsters and revengeful men. They try to bring their grudges against neighbors into the order, and when I refuse to authorize a raid, they take their disguises and go without authority. An archangel couldn't command such a force."

Within two weeks from the dissolution of the klan by its chief, every lodge had been reorganized. Some of the older men had dropped out, but more young men were initiated to take their places. Allan McLeod led in this work of prompt reorganization and was elected Chief of the county by the younger element, which now had a large majority.

He at once served notice on Major Dameron, the former chief, that if he dared to interfere with his work, even by opening his mouth in criticism, he would note under his door one morning, he read and re-read it with increasing wrath. Springing on his horse, he went in search of McLeod. He saw him leisurely crossing the street, going from the hotel to the Courthouse.

Throwing his horse's rein to a passing boy, he walked rapidly to him, and, without a word, boxed his ears as a father would an impudent child. McLeod was so astonished, he hesitated for a moment whether to strike or to run. He did neither, but blushed red and stammered:

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Read that letter, you young whelp!" The Major thrust the letter into his hand.

"I know nothing of this."

"You're a liar. You are its author. No other fool in this country would have conceived it. Now, let me give you a little notice. I am prepared for you and your crowd. Call any time. I can whip a hundred puppies of your breed any time by myself with one hand tied behind me and never get a scratch. Dare to lift your finger against me or any of the men who refused to go with your new fool's movement, and I'll shoot you on sight as I would a mad dog." Before McLeod could reply, the Major turned on his heels and left him.

McLeod made no further attempt to molest the Major, nor did he allow any raids bent on murder. The sudden authority placed in his hands in a measure sobered him. He inaugurated a series of petty devilfities, whipping negroes and poor white men against whom some of his crowd had a grudge, and annoying the school teachers of negro schools.

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The overwhelming defeat of their pets in the South, and the toppling of their houses of sand built on negro supremacy, brought to Congress a sense of guilt and shame that required action. Their own agents in the South were now in the penitentiary or in exile for well-established felonies, and the future looked dark.

They found the scapegoat in these fool latter-day Ku-klux marauders. Once more the public square at Hambright saw the bivouac of the regular troops of the United States Army. The preacher saw the glint of their bayonets with a sense of relief.

With this army came a corps of skilled detectives, who set to work. All that was necessary was to arrest and threaten with death a coward, and they got all the information he could give. The jail was choked with prisoners, and every day saw a squad depart for the stockade at Independence. Sam Worth gave information that led to the immediate arrest of Allan McLeod. He was the first man led into the jail.

The officers had a long conference with him that lasted four hours.

And then the bottom fell out. A wild stampede of young men for the West! Somebody who held the names of every man in the order had proved a traitor.

Every night from hundreds of humble homes might be heard the choking sobs of a mother, saying good-by in the darkness to the last boy the war had left her old age. When the good-by was said and the father, waiting in the buggy at the gate, had called for haste, and the boy was hurrying out with his grip-sack, there was a moan, the soft rush of a coarse, homespun dress toward the gate, and her arms were around his neck again!

"I can't let you go, child! Lord, have mercy! He's the last!" And the low, pitiful sobs!

"Come, come, now, Ma, we must get away from here before the officers are after him!"

"Just a minute!"

A kiss, and then another, long and lingering. A sigh, and then a smothered choking cry from a mother's broken heart, and he was gone!

Thus Texas grew into the imperial Commonwealth of the South.

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To save appearance McLeod was removed to Independence with the other prisoners, and in a short time released, with a number of others against whom insignificant charges were lodged.

When he returned to Hambright the people looked at him with suspicion.

"How is it, young man," asked the preacher, "that you are at home so soon, while brave boys are serving terms in Northern prisons?"

"Had nothing against me," he replied.

"That's strange, when Sam Worth swore that you organized the raid to kill Rufe Lattimore."

"They didn't believe him."

"Well, I've an idea that you saved your hide by puking. I'm not sure yet, but information was given that only the man in command of the whole county could have possessed."

"There were a half-dozen men knew as much as I did. You mustn't think me capable of such a thing, Doctor Durham!" protested McLoud, with heightened color.

"It's a nasty suspicion. I'd rather see a child of mine transformed into a cur dog and killed for stealing sheep, than fall to the level of such a man. But only time will prove the issue."

"I've made up my mind to turn over a new leaf," said McLeod. "I'm sick of rowdyism. I'm going to be a law-abiding, loyal citizen."

"That's just what I'm afraid of!" exclaimed the preacher with a sneer as he turned and left him.

And his fears were soon confirmed. Within a month the Independence Observer contained a dispatch from Washington announcing the appointment of Allan McLeod a Deputy United States Marshal for the District of Western North Carolina, together with the information that he had reformed his allegiance to his old disloyal associates and had become an enthusiastic Republican; and that henceforth he would labor with might and main to establish peace and further the industrial progress of the South.

"I knew it! The dirty whelp!" cried the preacher, as he showed the paper to his wife.

"Now don't be too hard on the boy, Doctor Durham," urged his wife. "He may be sincere in his change of politics. You never did like him."

"Sincere! yes, as the devil is always sincere. He's dead in earnest now. He's found his level, and his success is sure. Mark my words, the boy's a villain from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He has bartered his soul to save his skin, and the skin is all that's left."

"I'm sorry to think it. I couldn't help liking him."

"And that's the funniest freak I ever knew your fancy to take, my dear—I never could understand it."

When McLeod had established his office in Hambright he made special efforts to allay the suspicions against his name. His indignant denials of the report of his treachery convinced many that he had been wronged. Two men alone maintained toward him an attitude of contempt. Major Dameron and the preacher.

He called on Mrs. Durham and with his smooth tongue convinced her that he had been foully slandered. She urged him to win the doctor. Accordingly, he called to talk the question over with the preacher and ask him for a fair chance to build his character untarnished in the community.

The preacher heard him through patiently, but in silence. Allan was perspiring before he reached the end of his plausible explanation. It was a tougher task then, he thought, this deliberate lying under the gaze of those glowing black eyes that looked out from their shaggy brows and pierced through his inmost soul.

"You've got an olly tongue. It will carry you a long way in this world. I can't help admiring the skill with which you are fast learning to use it. You've fooled Mrs. Durham with it, but you can't fool me," said the preacher.

"Doctor, I solemnly swear to you I am not guilty of such a crime."

"It's no use to add perjury to plain lying. I know you did it. I know it as well as if I were present in that jail and heard you basely betray the men, name by name, whom you had lured to their ruin."

"Doctor, I swear you are mistaken!"

"Bah! Don't talk about it. You nauseate me!"

The preacher sprang to his feet, paced across the floor, sat down on the edge of his table and glared at McLeod for a moment. And then with his voice low and quivering with a storm of emotion, he said:

"The curse of God upon you—the God of your fathers! Your fathers in far-off Scotland's hills, who would have suffered their tongues torn from their heads and their skin stripped inch by inch from their flesh sooner than betray one of their clan in distress. You have betrayed a thousand of your own men and you, their sworn chieftain! Hell was made to consume such leper trash!"

McLeod was dazed at first by this outburst. At length he sprang to his feet livid with rage.

"I'll not forget this, sir!" he hissed.

"Don't forget it!" cried the preacher, trembling with passion as he opened the door. "Go on and live your lie!"

"Mrs. Durham, the doctor wants you," said Charlie when McLeod's footfall had died away.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.